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Sacramento open mics

MON

The Blue Lamp (Alhambra & N) *20:30
The Fox and Goose (10th and R) *19:30

TUE

It's A Grind Coffee Shop *19:00
Sunrise & Cirby, NW Corner, Roseville
G Street Pub, 228 G St., Davis *20:30

WED

Old Ironsides (10 & S) *20:00

FRI

Cosmic Café, 530.642.8481
594 Main St., Placerville, *19:00

SUN

Java Café & Brew *19:00
(Fair Oaks and Madison...in the suburbs)

Entropy and Inertia

Compressed between

*the ironic laughter of melancholia,
and the innocent lies of young love
are two truths –*

Many people move slowly because

*there is no one they are in a hurry
to be with
while*

Many people move hurriedly because

*there is no one with whom they
wish to linger.*

Rebel Faction of the Crumbling Tashbaan Government: Nick D'Auria,
Violet Edison, Dean Haakenson, Blake McCartney, Alex Millington,
Scott Moore, Kirk Patten, Beth Pinio, Dale Stromberg, and others named within.

You hold in your hands the tenth issue of this square-ish Sacramento based zine lovingly entitled Be Brave Bold Robot (phrase taken from a women's bathroom stall at Humboldt State University, Arcata, CA.). If you have fallen in love (or like) with any particular piece of writing, and want to copy or republish, or contact said piece's author, please email - deanhaakenson@gmail.com
If you would like to submit something, anything (drawings, text, rubbings), please email. If you would like to email, please email. If you would like to please, please please. If you would like to post or find out about quality Sacramento area music performances, go to <http://undietacos.sexyprison.com>.
Thank you and have a very cathartic day.

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think on this before you let it go?

The weight of the door increased walking nearer, irregardless the situation boiling behind. She had to brace herself when opening it, shoulders compressing and stance widening. A seal formed each time it closed. The seal strengthened as the duration of inactivity increased. It may have been because she was interrupted and wanted to return to the kitchen, it may have been the lack of sleep the evening prior, but she opened the door, her head reclined to the floor and spoke her welcome not to the visiting doctor but the marble tiles. The doctor, who was overly inquisitive on the manners of staff immediately parted his lips to inquire about the maids well being. Startled by the direct questioning the maid raised her face to meet his, mouth quite agape but without joy. Without warning wells of tears collected at the outer edges of each eye, quite visible to the doctor's focus. The overly inquisitive doctor found himself in the common place of having broached a subject he had no particular interest in dealing with. Flatly he dealt out questions, which were really statements trying to diffuse the agitation he assessed himself of causing. His unusually wide, disruptively flat palm carried over the maids shoulder patting her much as he did his great Dane. The cuff of his coat pulled back on the vein coated wrist. And then, all at once he retracted his arm, repositioning his shoes and waggling the legs of his black pants. She was looking at her shoulder still, just realizing too late the angered look on her face. The doctor fanned the four fingers wrapped around the handle of his generic medical bag to reinforce his grip. Clearing his throat with a forced sharp grumble he passed what he hoped would be a final statement to include him inside the house and not as he felt delay him in the door frame like a perched bird. The maid once again opened the ducts in her eyes involuntarily and lowered her face to hide the sight of her tears. The doctor's stiff legs broke at the knees, lowering him to her height then lower a good eight inches in full. He tried unsuccessfully to stuff the bag under the opposite armpit while at the same time reaching in some consoling manner, now embarrassed at the disturbance he attributed to callousness, had caused. She took a step back in her square healed shoes. Though in it's entirety her outfit made little sense in relation to the chores that were required of her, she took issue with only the shoes. They made her conspicuous, in a time she would rather be exactly that opposite, by clacking out noise like a horse's shoe, no matter how softly she walked. It was troubling to alert her presence no matter the lean of disposition. She minded the disadvantage. She stood straightly, cocked her head and invited the doctor inside, immediately stopping all evidence of emotion with proper

obligation. The doctor, surprised and now feeling growingly lost, almost dropped his precociously positioned bag, but those wide hands snapped from the slim joints and cradled in his chest. Breathing out, he straightened all way and looking earnest in the direction of his path began by a single step.

The maid locked on a trail behind the doctors path and matched his pace. From the grand entrance, including twin stairways whose action bowed apart and back together before joining the second story, four columns dug with Greek striping equally positioned inside to the four just outside, century old Boule table, two pair of bergeres chairs basking like cats in the spots of sunlight entering the towering windows, the two followed one another into a thin dark hallway only visible after passing lance like leaves of the aspidistra plants. There were six of these plants three at each end of the room, all of which had never in her eight years of service shown any sign of blooming. Light was quickly blotted dim entering the hallway and decreased unto the last of two door. She saw that the doctor was introduced to the family, and that each member who had no interest in anything beside the body in the bed was in need of anything. Waiting, her hands folded and clasped at her backside, she watched the doctor serenely take the hands of first the daughter, then both sons and finally, after releasing the hold on her husband's hand the wife. The maid was impressed by the stagnant aura of the room, both sons were rested against the wall to her right, the daughter was positioned in the second chair from her father's bedside table. The wife, who was now standing mediating with the doctor, while he attempted to assume and administer consolations, all seemed made of wood and fancily dressed. The only source of light were two candles one on each side of the headboard. In the bed lay a purposely unresponsive man, looking tied by the thin layering of sheets. Although his frigid pose he was the most active and alive piece of the room. The maid looked past her right shoulder at the pointed knee of the older son. The sole of his riding boot was against the fabric on the wall. He had been staring at the maid but was bothered when she replied by paying attention to him; though only his pointed knee. Gathering his words he planned on a rebuking for her disrespectful action, but was cut off by his sister's addressing of her. She would like a small cup of tea. Cream, not milk, and nothing else to add to it in way of food. The maid conferred with the other members of the room but gathered no other requests. Taking in the sight of the patient now being tended to by the doctor, she excused herself and exited the room closing quietly the door behind her.

The sunlight at the end of the hallway caused her to realize how dim the room and hall actually was. The doctor's words had woken her up in a way her body had that morning. Her hands were now flat

against the upper portion of her stomach rested one atop the other as she walked. She paid little attention to the familiar rooms on her way to the kitchen, but responded to their detail anyhow. Before entering the kitchen she heard the familiar talk of Emmy, a small but specific stream of words constantly filled the space about her. Emmy was cutting some celery stocks on a thick wooden cutting board. "Hello, Emmy. I got another one for you." "Why, deary, did that boy upset you again." "What? Oh, I was crying, I had forgotten about that part. But I was just going to tell you about it. No, it wasn't him again. It was the doc." "Did he become indecent?" "No, he just asked me a question. I was opening the door, but I wasn't paying attention to my self because I was staring down at the floor thinking about the upstairs basins that need changing and he asked if I was ok." "He did what again deary?" "He asked if I was ok, Are you taking it all well, lamb? he said." "Calls me kid, or no, Joey." "I don't like it." "He's Australian now, you have to give him some room of difference." "I don't care where he was born. He lives here now and need to stop acting oddly. That stupid black bag, he almost- Do you know where the missus tea cup is? I can't find it." "It is already out. I set it on the serving tray. And there's no need to start any water, some is about to be ready any second now." "Did you know she wanted some tea?" "I was making a spot for my self. But it isn't bother. What did this doctor do now that upset you?" "He didn't upset me, he.. caught me off guard." "None of these have asked me, ever in the eight years I worked here how I was, or if I could use anything. And I don't know why but for some stupid reason I was so surprised that I started to cry a bit." "Nothing to be a shamed of now." "I'm not ashamed. I am annoyed. I don't know why I would do that." "Why's that deary?" "I can take anything happening in my own life without a wince, but everything that happens here I get wrapped up in. I don't like it at all." "You could quit you know." "Ha!" "Let them know where you stand and walk out." "Of course. And move on to my other life as the main attraction in one of those circuses. Won't that be the day. I don't understand it, and that bag of his. But what really puts me off is that the lug tried to make be feel better by patting me like some animal on my arm. I got so put off I forgot and had a terrible look all over my face." "That's not in our best interests now is it? Get the cream there would you. This tea is just about ready." "Those ugly hands of his. Just too maddening." "Have you got it? Oh good. Now, deary, I am going to take this to the Miss, and I want you to stay here and finish with the rest of those vegetables. You can have one of the cigarettes I rolled this morning, I have an extra one, I am cutting back anyhow, but I want it quick, the vegetable need to be

added soon.” “ But, I haven’t told you the part I really wanted to tell you. I started up again when he asked me about-” “ Deary, smoke your cigarette, it’s good for you, and tell me when those veggies are done with.”

Emmy, walked out of the room, tea in hand with one small cookie tucked at the side of the tray. She walked swiftly minding her duties, but distracted. Over the years working in this family’s home she thought she had made room for their habits and needs. Lately, she felt too much room had been made. Like the conversation she had just removed herself from, her memories were filled with useless embarrassments. Emmy, had been praised her entire life for projecting effortless grace. Not by her employers, but by her kin, and peers. She had the mix of personality and grace, which in all walks of life equates to beauty. Beauty doesn’t make these sorts of concessions, wear these kinds of costumes. This bloom had just begun. All at once she came out of her thought and realized she had been staring at the beginning of a single bloom on one of the aspidistra at the beginning of the thin hallway. These plants were here before they took over and became common place to every parlor in the country. They had never bloomed, however. Decades added and not a single bloom. Emmy gathered herself, checked over her appearance, and thinking about the figure in the bed took a single step backward. “ You cant get into heaven by hiding from God.” Emmy turned to the darkness of the hallway and began walking from brilliant day light of the windows. She hadn’t told a sole of her illness.

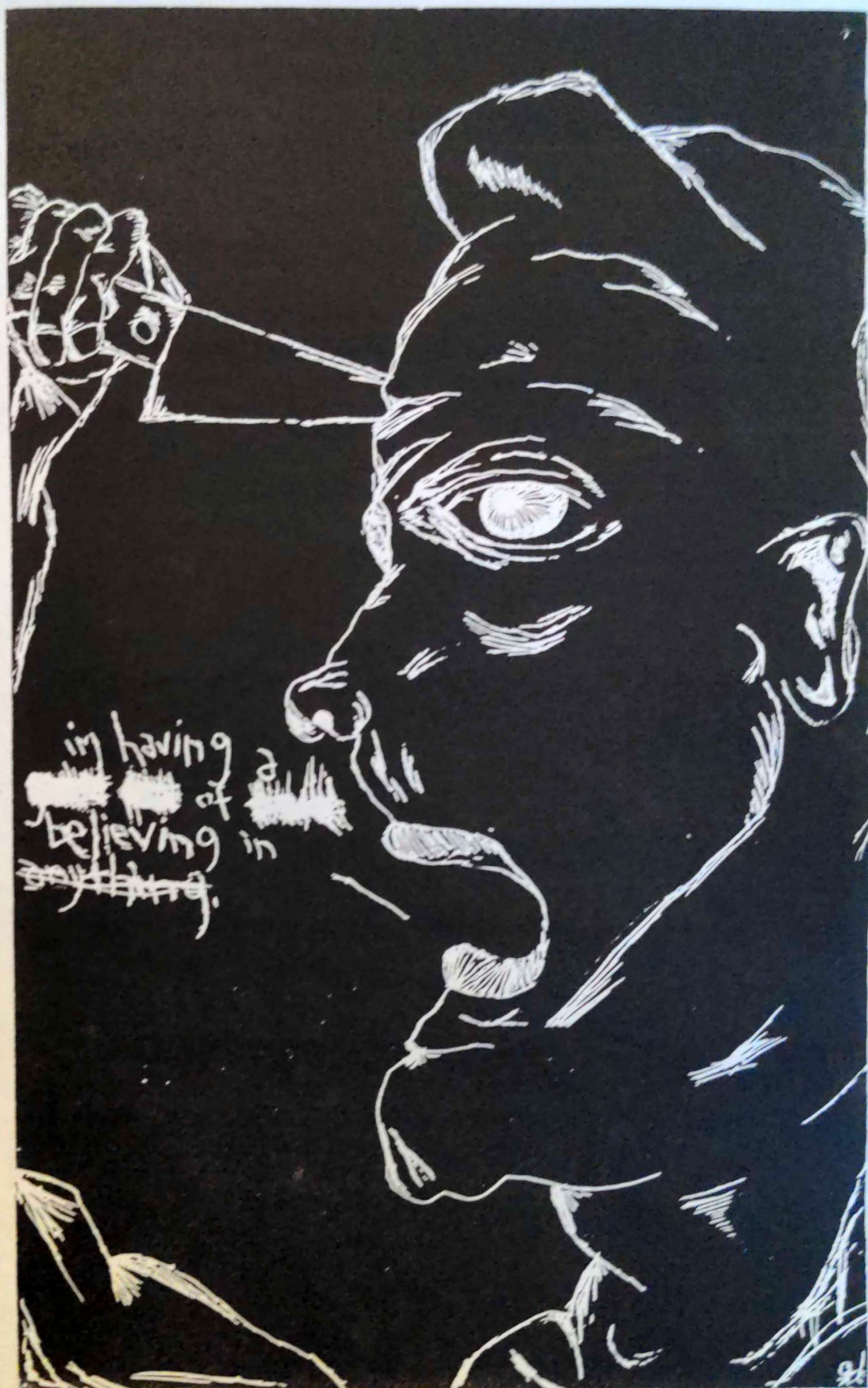
The world aint that small. Fate just likes to make us think it is.

PALINDRONE, a play in two parts.

I.

Curtain opens. A large metallic Robot stands, slumped over, as if turned off, in the center of the stage. A few moments pass. The robot suddenly becomes aware of the audience. He looks at them, doffs his metallic hat, and pulls from a door in his belly, a banana. He starts to eat it, somewhat looking forward, as if contemplating. Every so often, he gives the audience recognition again, and doffs his hat. It’s as if he is waiting.

Enter Stage Right: Two young men in Bath Robes and Pompadour haircuts, walking behind the robot. They notice him.



in having a
believing in
something.



“9 out of 10 gods prefer America”

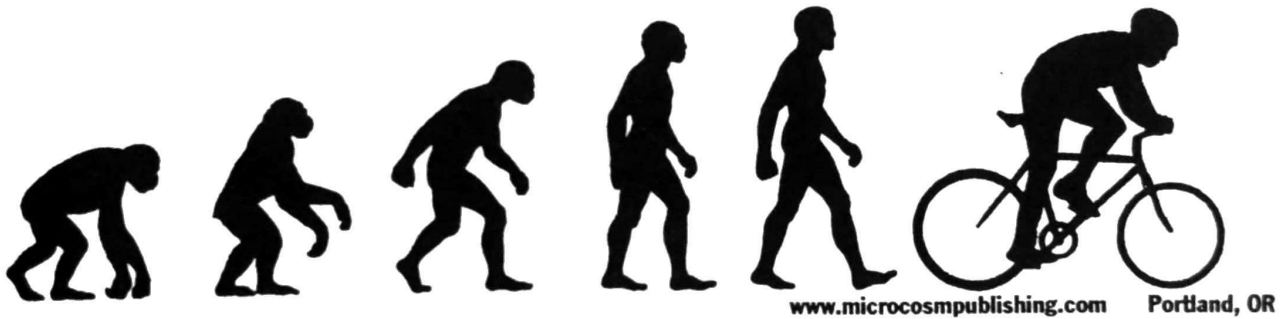
- J.C.

bumper sticker

it isn't when it falls out the intestines from your mouth,
skinning the throat (if that were possible from the inside)
collaborating a focus a fixture to hang the family shame upon,
wrap your hands white and cover the mouth when dinner comes,
little so-and-so sets an example like a government commercial.
Tired little waiting pushing at the webs of skin,
he doesn't call because the sex is new and makes him forgetful,
on garbage day the cans are like trays set out the night before,
on it, run and double check the slippers got wet get mad something,
flocking people - a flock of people come to the art museum.
Topography photography sinners no more sinners at the lake,
fish wire fish bone all white and forgiving like clouds from
you-know-where,
mmm humming noises flash a one time flash all crowded,
call it like a catch fly like a dropping wave cracking bedrock,
the finger's nail was cut poorly all of them on purpose.



Padlock.



SCATA-LOGIC

Four landlords—Mel, Norris, Ollie, and Quentin—each contract at least one, but no more than three, of four diseases: gangrene, herpes, impetigo, and jaundice. Each disease is contracted by at least one landlord. The landlords contract the diseases according to the following restrictions:

No other landlord contracts the same number of diseases as Quentin contracts.

Ollie contracts half as many diseases as Mel contracts.

At least two landlords contract impetigo.

At least two landlords contract herpes.

At least two landlords contract gangrene.

If Norris contracts more diseases than Ollie, then only Norris contracts jaundice.

6. If Quentin contracts jaundice, but does not contract impetigo, then which of the following could be true?
- (A) Mel and Norris both contract impetigo.
 - (B) Mel and Norris both contract gangrene.
 - (C) Ollie and Mel both contract herpes.
 - (D) Mel contracts only impetigo.
 - (E) Norris contracts herpes and gangrene.
7. If Norris and Quentin contract none of the same diseases as each other, then
- (A) Mel cannot contract gangrene and herpes.
 - (B) Mel cannot contract herpes and impetigo.
 - (C) Mel cannot contract gangrene and jaundice.
 - (D) Ollie cannot contract gangrene.
 - (E) Ollie cannot contract impetigo.
8. Which of the following could be an acceptable assignment of diseases to landlords?
- (A) Norris: impetigo and herpes only; Mel: impetigo and jaundice only.
 - (B) Ollie: gangrene only; Norris: gangrene only; Mel: gangrene and impetigo only.
 - (C) Quentin: herpes and jaundice only; Ollie: herpes only.
 - (D) Quentin: herpes, jaundice, and gangrene only; Mel: jaundice and impetigo only.
 - (E) Norris: jaundice only; Mel: gangrene and impetigo only.
9. Which of the following must be false?
- (A) Exactly three landlords contract impetigo.
 - (B) Exactly one landlord does not contract herpes.
 - (C) Mel contracts exactly two diseases.
 - (D) Norris contracts exactly two diseases.
 - (E) Norris contracts exactly three diseases.
10. If Norris contracts jaundice, which of the following cannot be false?
- (A) Norris contracts more diseases than Ollie.
 - (B) Ollie contracts more diseases than Norris.
 - (C) Norris contracts as many diseases as Ollie contracts.
 - (D) Ollie contracts jaundice.
 - (E) Ollie does not contract jaundice.
11. Suppose no landlord contracts jaundice. All other conditions remain the same. If only Ollie does not contract gangrene, then it follows that
- (A) Ollie contracts impetigo.
 - (B) Mel contracts herpes.
 - (C) Norris contracts herpes.
 - (D) Quentin contracts impetigo.
 - (E) Ollie contracts herpes.



Answers last page

When you fall in love with me will you quit your job to hitchhike and jump trains and follow henry rollins and elvis costello like the dead, and we'll be forced into selling apples and toothpicks to dusty rednecks and hillspeople from the ozark mountains. I can call you little tree and you'll call me grandma. we'll hide from things like the IRS and cranberry bran muffins, and live in motels where the dust never settles and the toilet never works, but we'll be happy because we'll have no mortgage or no television to remind us of the rest of the world because what do they know anyways? they'll have nothing on our dirty fingernails and torn jeans... and we'll sneak into the hull of a ship traveling to south africa or south carolina, and end up in the fields of peru where red-headed aliens and gremlins who terrorize goats run savagely into the rainforests, but only after turning around and sending you a smile that makes you ache to be five again, and know what it is like to be simple and devious and get away with everything. we'll write love letters to each other from opposite sides of the bed, and burn them in the morning before reading them because there are no words to explain it all. and no breath will be wasted on things like arguing with the natives or peddling our theories on life and the wires and tiny clicks that keep it together because we will radiate our own knowledge with every explosion of dirt when our feet touch the open road. we will never look back because the word deviance looms before us with more passion than we know how to hold inside. and when we get to whatever great river that flows in the hills and mountains of central peru we'll both throw down our glasses and jump in and see everything with more clarity than the sharpest knife can cut... we'll frolic in the water, more pure than even evian can claim, watching as huge prehistoric fish swim fifty feet below us... then shriek and flee the water as tiny fish sink their teeth and cling to the flesh of our inner forearms. we'll be saved by a man who bears an astounding resemblance to sean connery and live off spider eggs and the sap of plants whose scent travels to native villages and lures men deep into the flora and when they finally reach the source of this unignorable temptation, they are attacked and consumed by the green jaws that drip with the blood of all the men before them. and we'll laugh to ourselves at our cannibalism. we'll smoke paupula flower cigarettes and discuss our mothers and the way the sky looks green in reflection, and topics such as the way the world operates and how it goes on without us will never cross our minds because we are beyond the everything of everyday life. and we will never use words like stigma or necessity but keep them down to simple things like "my, that rodent-spider has incredibly large fangs," or "let's be on our way now." and we'll leave without saying goodbye, only hanging a leaf from the trunk of the tribe's grandfather tree, with the tip of it pointing straight up. and leave them to make what they will of it. we'll settle in morocco and eat lamb pastries and critique foreign films and construct our own rowboat and float to greece one morning when the alcohol in our stomachs makes us queasy with expectation and indifference. we'll name our children nikolai and magpie and in a little cottage cut off from the rest of the world, we'll raise them to believe in

unicorns and the magic a dried branch of thorny roses can have. they'll drink wine and grow old and leave us in the faery dust we sprinkled for them, and resent us for keeping the "real" world out of their grasp... and we'll return to the city because we'll miss automatic sliding doors and the way women hold their cigarettes. and we will fall into things like retirement and mobile homes and hang framed pictures from before we left and after we settled, and wonder what happened in between. but we'll be lost in senility, and I'll bake apple pies and garlic foccacia bread, and wonder where in the world we are... as you throw the dog out the window to save us from the grenade fermenting deep within its ribcage, or maybe to save it from the laser-eyed monkey hiding in the shadows of the wall, but I'll never know because you'll never tell me. you'll call me grandma and forget why, while I simply bellow commands from the steam of boiling jars to can okra and mulberry sauce because I cant remember the last time I knew your name. and we'll still refuse to have the paper delivered or subscribe to magazines, but all our righteousness will be lost in the tiny jar of seeds from the apples we could never convince anyone to buy.



You do not need to leave your room.
Remain sitting at your table and listen.
you do not even need to listen, simply wait.
you do not even need to wait, only to be quiet and solitary.
The world will freely offer itself to you.
to be unmasked, it has no choice.
It will roll in ecstasy at your feet.

-Franz Kafka



REALITY FIELDS FOREVER

“Living Is Easy With Eyes Closed, Misunderstanding All You See.”- John Lennon

Dear Actors:

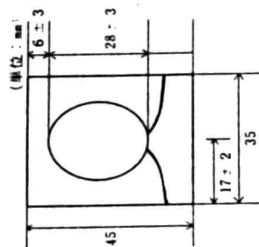
Just to let you know that this thing you're experiencing... this “life,” is VERY malleable. It bends and flows in response to energy projections that come from all things that are alive. Some of the most powerful bending and changing forces in the moment-to-moment construction of “reality” come from the minds of human beings. These creatures know that their actions have constructed “reality” as they know it... Yet most of them have no clue that their thoughts alone are just as powerful of creators of “reality”. Thought energy drives up the celestial probability that certain events may come into fruition. By thinking about something often, and believing it will happen, you give it a much higher probability of happening in your “reality” than it would have otherwise had.

日本に入国した外国人の方に

1. 日本に入国した外国人は、上陸許可を受けてから90日以内に居住地の市区町村の事務所に出席し、旅券及び写真2葉（16歳未満の者は不要）を提出して外国人登録の申請をしなければなりません。

2. 写真は6か月以内に撮影された縦45ミリメートル横35ミリメートルの大きさ（ICAO標準サイズ）で、次に示す規格を満たし、かつ、裏面に氏名を記入したものとします。

- (1) 申請者本人のみが撮影されたもの
- (2) 緑なしで右の図画面の各寸法を満たしたしたもの
- (3) 無帽で正面を向いたもの
- (4) 背景（影を含む）がないもの
- (5) 鮮明であるもの



3. 日本に入国した日から90日以内に出国する場合には、外国人登録の申請をする必要はありません。

4. 詳しいことは、市区町村の事務所にお問合せ下さい。

法務省入国管理局

(登録3)

Humans have used thought energy to influence "reality" for thousands of years, at least. It is not destructive to do this, as long as you're not trying to hurt anybody. People have "prayed" ever since civilization began (if not further back). Prayer, in a pure form (unadulterated by fear, doubt, hatred, greed, etc.) is a functional way to influence "reality fields" and has separately and collectively been responsible for small bends of reality (unexpected rainstorms, extra willpower, heightened sensitivities, an ability to always be in the right place at the right time (yes, this can be developed, if you want to.), and larger bends of reality (I.E. Miracles... Major bends in what is commonly perceived as "Possible" such as UFO's (possibly), Angels, seeing the dead... Prayer and focused belief have created many interesting and beautiful results. However, throughout human history (including today), greedy, fearful, and selfish interests have and would force people to pray in certain ways and to certain "Gods" in order to control their socioeconomic circumstances, behavior patterns, sexuality, etc. Some forms of prayer and even some of the early evolutionary stages of many of the major religions retained a positive tone and gathered to generate a more copasetic reality for themselves and others. However, through time, forces whom may possibly be less socially evolved, but with more will to dominate (although there's no need to judge them for it and use it as an excuse to exploit them or hate them) took over through force and fear, and brought a harsh hand to these faiths. People ended up praying out of fear of retribution to hateful representation of "Gods" (or "Energy Fields", whichever you wish), which negated any positive reality manipulation effects, and helped to bring upon darker manifestations of "reality" such as wars and the plague and greedy fools finding the power they crave, which keeps the whole cycle of negativity repeating.

I need to speak to the "I don't believe in anything!" skeptics in the world for just a moment, because I have some good news. I think I've found a way to generate meaningful results in the manipulation of "Reality fields," without having to sacrifice any intelligence, suspend any disbelief in deities, or succumb to any uncomfortable belief systems.

Anything you believe in your life generates a corresponding mathematical probability in regards to future direction of your "reality." If you believe that you are a victim of society, then you will soon live as a victim of society, preyed upon by hobo smashers and anyone who can smell your fear, and generating higher statistical probabilities of shitty things happening to you (It is more likely the drug fiend on the corner waiting for someone to mug will mug you with your fearful "Life fucks me over" attitude than it will be to mug the guy walking ten feet behind you with his "Life is ok. Nobody will harm me." attitude.

No matter what circumstances your life is in at the moment, if there is some change in your life/lifestyle that you really really want, you can seriously make it happen with 4 simple steps:

1- Tell yourself that the event or change is going to happen. Tell yourself often. If you can emotionally project that image (aka "Believing"), then do that as well.

Earl Harcockavich

(The true story of a stuffed turkey chick. Who fought for his life every day until he found out that he was dead all along. He then dropped to the floor, and lay there motionless. -- Today he is served at Applebee's topped with mushrooms, melted cheese, cup of garlic sauce, and medium size drink of your choice for \$7.95.)

written by BryAn weNk (11) and me...stEFaN wENk (13)

There once was a little stuffed turkey chick in the land of hooladooloo wakalayiloof. He never thought he fit in with the other turkeys, (typical). One day he thought about going out and searching for Destiny, but then he noticed how retarded that was, so he decided not to. Instead he went to look for what was meant to happen in his life. He didn't search for Destiny, because Destiny was his long lost twin sister. He didn't want to look for her because it was a waste of time, and he didn't even care about her. Any way he knew that in any movie, or book. If you have along lost brother, sister, long lost any thing. You'll find them in the end. The most typical event is you finally crack the riddle on the magic stone door thingy. And it opens just in time for the Fellowship of the Ring to escape the giant squid. Any way back on topic, well if there even was a topic. During his journey he obviously gets hungry. He decides to go to Burger King for his huger. He didn't have a car so he decided to just start jogging. After about half an hour he said screw this. I'm going to Taco Bell. So he went to Taco Bell, ate two Bean Burritos and started walking again. He just kept on walking until morning. The next day was Valentines Day, and he went by the M.U at UCD. He decided to play some games. When he was at the counter to change a ten for two fives. He was really freaked out when the woman working there asked him what he was doing for Valentines Day. Especially because she was like twice as old as him, and really ugly. After flirting with him for a while she started to try to kiss him(even though he didn't have a head). Just then a kid pushed the fire alarm button in the elevator. This was his chance, he quickly jumped out of her hands and ran into the bathroom. But it stank so much he couldn't bare the smell,(even though he didn't have a nose) and ran out. He just kept on running until he couldn't run any more. He ran out of the M.U and off of campus. Then he was hungry again so he went to Taco Bell. He lived with hobos who lived behind the dumpster at Taco Bell. For a couple of months and then he started walking again. After a little while he found a movie theater. He decided to watch a movie. There were also some other people waiting to buying tickets, they were a few girls. He thought it was kinda odd since it was a school day. One girl said "I like can not believe we're skipping school to see a movie". Another said "Ya I know, were going to be like the first people to ever see this movie". Another said "Oh this is so cool, hay have you guys seen Molley's new T shirt yet?". The first one said "No". The third one said "Oh, well it's like RACECAR written backwards. isn't it so cool". The first one said "like oh like my like god like oh my god". Then the girls finally bought their tickets and went inside. After that the ticket guy asked Earl what movie he wanted to watch. He said whichever one he would have to wait the shortest amount of time for. The man said Shrek 2 and handed him one ticket. Earl watched the whole movie, but at the end of the movie there were dragon/donkey babies. So he started to think about how the DNA could mix. But then he remembered he couldn't think because he didn't have a head, and that meant he didn't have a brain. So that meant he was dead. The last thing he heard was one of the girls saying "Look I found a chicken, he's so cute, let's eat him." Then he felt their cold teeth digging into his flesh.

The end.

1 + 1 = 1

"Up there, see....you gotta stand up there and then you have the best view and stuff....yeah, it's great...I really like it...."

These words were being spoken out loud and clearly by a disheveled looking young black woman who sat low on the church step, on the corner. She was pointing her hand up towards the large gothic auditorium across the street. As she spoke, she pointed to the top of the church that loomed above her and back across the street, as if explaining something to somebody.

This was the scene that unfolded itself to Henry as he approached the corner and the church stoop and the lady sitting upon it. She wore a cheerful countenance and appeared to be explaining something to somebody. But, there was no one around. Henry thought this odd and indicative of "crazy homeless people", and just passed on by, a mere foot from the woman, not staring, looking forward. He sensed that she became aware of his presence as he passed close to her. He walked on, though, as not to interrupt any explaining that may be going on, and, really, he didn't feel like talking to anybody. He was headed back to work. Work sometimes has a way of making you not want to talk to anybody. Office work, anyways. Some office work.

"Yeah, I see what you're saying...SHIT! Wow! That's Fucking Great! Fucking wish I could be on top of it! 'd make my day...."

These words were being shouted, in all directions, by a very unkempt aging white man who stood on a suburban sidewalk that bordered a park. This particular park lay thirty miles North East of the young black woman on the church steps. The man was, very frenetically and tensely, moving his body from positions of leisure, leaning against the small wooden pillars that bordered the park grass, to positions of gyrating anguish...as if he was in pain, or couldn't stop moving. Truth was, the man had a mild form of Parkinson's disease, not to mention he was crazy, so he really had no choice in his inability to not move. This was unbeknownst to the eleven-year-old boy Jimmy, who watched this man shout and dance about, from across the street. If Jimmy's friends would have been there with him, they would all have made fun of the man and laughed heartily and pointed, and a couple of the very brave ones would have shouted things like, "Hey!, can you do the funky chicken?!" and "How's the weather in CrazyTown?!"

But, to the benefit of all, Jimmy stood alone, straddling his bicycle, watching this man like a three year old might watch an orangutan at the Zoo. Transfixed, but cautious.

What no one knew was that the young black woman and the aging white man were communicating. She heard him in her head and he heard her in his. He...now he was prone to hearing voices in his head. They usually sounded a lot like his own voice or they were voices that seemed inexplicably familiar. Like a great uncle's nose that you've never seen before, but looks a lot like your dad's...you know, that kind of thing. But the voice of the woman in his head, it was more bold, more crisp, something that he couldn't resist responding to. This was very much how his voice sounded in her head as well. She wasn't really used to hearing any

distinct unsolicited dialogue in her head, but she was no stranger to disorientation and aural hallucination (kids' screams whilst playing kickball in a lot she was passing by would manifest into the momentary belief that a riotous mob was in her proximity...**and possibly out to get her!!!**... and so forth), so she couldn't help but respond either.

This was their fourth conversation. The first happened, very coincidentally, while both parties were...how should I say...indisposed...auh contraunt (which is a French term I heard once in reference to going poo poo, but have no current idea of how to spell)...dropping the kids off at the pool, etc. They were both in public restrooms. He was in the restroom at the same park that he was currently standing near. There were no other people in the small brick building. I don't blame these nonexistent other people. It was a public park restroom like all the others you have probably experienced; Wetness everywhere (be it urine or janitor's hose, few dare even speculate), one wall mounted urinal aside from the stall that was in use by the man in question, who, let's just say, didn't have the healthiest diet and excreted odors along those lines. (note: for all of our soap, plumbing, and consumer friendly produce sectionals, modern day humans are the foulest smelling creatures to have the pleasure of slithering across this wondrous planet). Our pooping prince was in the process of dropping such fierce baño bombs that he uttered a barely audible "...pew, jesus..." in recognition.

Now, She. She was at the mall. She had wandered her way into the food court Women's bathroom. It was quite clean, she was happy to find, and she sat down in her own stall and closed the door. Even the porcelain was warm. She was very comfortable, but was still having a hard time getting anything to come out. Then commenced her grunting. She grunted in her head and through her mouth. It was very loud and guttural and real. So real that the two other women in the bathroom with her, sisters Jennie and Gloria, instantly asked, in unison, if our grunter was "ok". As she was in the zone at this moment, She replied with an even larger grunt. It was this grunt that was heard in the head of our Hero in the Park bathroom. This grunt was so carnally female (like a woman giving birth, he thought) that he shouted into the bathroom dampness, "What?!", which was heard by a teenaged boy named John who was utilizing the drinking fountain outside of the park restroom. He stopped his lapping, and quietly walked to a different part of the park. Our man's inquiry was heard in the head of our woman at the mall bathroom and interrupted her mid-grunt. "Ungggggg....." It was at this point that the sisters left the bathroom and our woman, who responded moments later with an equally befuddled, "What?!!!" The voices in the heads of our public restroom receivers soon started speaking of useful things to do with toilet paper rolls, etc. an hour or so later, they stopped hearing each others' voices. Tis a very temperamental thing, telepathy.

And so it was. These two lonely rogues spoke out loud to each other from a distance of roughly 30 miles and never really caught on that they were both real people and that a meeting could happen, etc. A perpetual missed connection. An intermittent surprise telephone conversation. A reason to believe in miracles....and the socially displaced. (fin)

Be Brave Bold Robot Interview
Fred Durst of Limp Bizkit

Be Brave Bold Robot was lucky enough to catch up with Fred Durst, frontman of the band Limp Bizkit, for an interview last week as Durst left the monster truck rally at Arco Arena. Here's how the conversation went down:

Be Brave Bold Robot: So Fred, we hear that things didn't go too well between you and Brittany Spears. Would you care to comment on this?

Fred Durst: Well, basically, things went bad when I found out how easily she bruises. I mean, how was I supposed to know that silicon is so fragile? Cellulite doesn't turn purple like that.

BR: Well, was the breakup amicable?

FD: Yeah, I guess you could say that. If amicable means that her dad beat me up.

BR: Ummm... Okay. On another note, we here at Be Brave Bold Robot hear that your new album is all about how the United States, as you put it, "Kicked ass" in the war. Is this true?

FD: Yeah, me and the rest of the guys in Limp Bizkit were really happy that America kicked so much ass. So we're dedicating this album to the troops.

BR: How do you feel about all of the innocent Iraqis who died from U.S. colonial practices?

FD: What are "Iraqis"? Are they some kind of turtle or something?

BR: Noooo... Iraqis are citizens of the country we attacked.

FD: Wait, I thought we went to war with England. Isn't that who we attacked?

BR: No! Why do you say that?

FD: Well, we did a concert there a few months ago, and everybody was speaking English. It was like we had taken over their country or something, I mean, it was killer! And the way they were booing us, well...you just know we had to kick their butts to make them hate us that bad!

BR: Okay, one last question. We hear you are directing a new movie about your childhood. Is this true?

FD: Yeah, Miramax signed me up to direct the movie about me. It'll be called, "Who Put The Jackstand Under The Corner Of My House?" It's due out in January.

Sometimes I wish that I had powers. Nature-controlling, superheroic powers. Specifically the power to emit and control electromagnetic pulses or even something less science specific... Spirit beams, say, or something equally personified that had the effect of rendering electronic systems inoperable. Fried out.....dead to the world (temporarily) unfixable. I would mostly just use it around automobiles....whilst riding my bike. Oh, what a grand thing it would be to be riding my bike, in harm's way, down streets void of bike lanes, hundreds of single occupant death machines hurling by me, cutting me off at corners, not looking at me, not looking at each other, honking like it's going out of style, polluting (I cannot prevent myself from assuming that at least a quarter of these people are probably en route to destinations close enough to be achieved through noncombustible means), and then "tinkle tinkle tink", with a blink, all of the spark plugs just stop firing...all fuel injection systems stop injecting...all on board navigation systems enter into a deep deep sleep. It would be glorious. People getting out of their motionless cars. Some people breaking down, falling to their knees from the stress of it all. I'd ride by somebody and motion to the handlebars on my bike and say "want a lift?" ...and I'd be totally prepared to pump my ass off were someone to actually take me up on my offer..... which they wouldn't....



SCATA-LOGIC Answer Key: 6-A, 7-C, 8-E, 9-E, 10-E, 11-D

This is for the boys, some of the boys,
Lovingly, from Cassandra:

When I think of you
I want to be alone.
So I can slip my finger
Up my nose.

Eat this, fucker.

